her aboord ſodainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe rogueing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue ſeizd *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope ſhee will returne, Ile ſweare ſhees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but ile ſee further: perhappes they will but pleaſe themſelues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if ſhee remaine
Whome they haue rauiſht, muſt by mee be ſlaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Bawdes.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Searche the market narrowely, *Mettelyne* is full of gallants, wee loſt too much much money this mart by beeing too wenchleſſe.

Bawd. Wee were neuer ſo much out of Creatures, we haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there bee not a conſcience to be vſde in euerie trade, wee ſhall neuer proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſayſt true, tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp ſome eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe, but ſhall I ſearche the market?

Bawde. What elſe man? the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong winde will blowe it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pan-

Pandor. Thou ſayeſt true, ther's two vnwholeſome a conſcience, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that laye with the little baggadge.

Boult. I, ſhee quickly poupt him, ſhe made him roaſt-meate for wormes, but Ile goe ſearche the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thouſande Checkins were as prettie a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when wee are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youthes we could picke vp ſome prettie eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch't, beſides the ſore tearmes we ſtand vpon with the gods, wilbe ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come other ſorts offend as well as wee.

Pand. As well as wee, I, and better too, wee offende worſe, neither is our profeſſion any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maiſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, wee doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, if you like her ſo, if not I haue loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, has ſhee anie qualities?

Boult. Shee has a good face, ſpeakes well, and has excellent good cloathes: theres no farther neceſſitie of qualities can make her be refuz'd.

Bawd. What's her price *Boult*?

Boult.